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CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1616.

Original Poetry.

MY LIFE IS LIKE A QUIET STREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY REV. F. P. SCHPATTACH.

My life is like a quiet stream,
Where flows through meadows green,
Looking in pastoral fashion up
Where sunshine may be seen;
Sometimes it seeks the lovely dell,
Where willows shade its brink,
And nightshade and red passion vines
Come to its side and drink!
And sometimes loitered by rocks and cliffs,
As course grows cliff and dell,
Till wave, by wave, doth seem to stir
Its waters as they creep.

But there is like a mountain cliff,
Which starting from on high,
Brings with it in its downward course
The thunder of the sky—
It leaps the rock, it rushes on,
In concede and in fume;
And in its mad, wild beauty bear
The relicts from their home!
Wider and wider grows its course,
Impetuous to flow—
Now sinks as ink in its wild path,
Now dazzling in its glow.

Ah, why stream thus with fate?—
Why writhe, and chafe, and foam?
Onward, forever, is our course,
Backward our terms—
And unconsciousness, and quiet sleep,
Or their calmer dreams!
Men seek, and meet, and mingle ever,
In wide destiny,
Nonchalantest, Louisiana.

Pictures of Life.

LIZZY'S FIRST EXPERIMENT IN HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MARY IRVING.

Liddy Talcott's father was a sensible, straightforward farmer, who lived in a neat red farm-house, near a quiet country road, at about a mile from any village. His wife was what farmers' wives call a "right smart woman"—that is, a woman who could do a little of everything, who kept her husband and three children, her house, her dairy, and dairy-folk in apple-pie order."

We ought to make our daughter, however, Lizzy, her eldest girl, though one of the best natured and most active girls in the township, was by no means fond of learning herself, or of being kept, in order. She liked to amuse herself with her own affairs, and was never so pleased when she was tired of out-door play, but then it must be only amusement, taking up when she chose, and laid down at will, and not a matter to try something else, or Lizzy would sigh, "Oh, dear!"

Her mother talked with her as a mother should, and tried to train her to diligent habits. But finding it, as she said, "easier to do a thing twice herself than to make Lizzy do it, always" she left her daughter generally to her school-books and out-door romping, until she was nearly fourteen years old. In the meantime, she called upon her every day for some slight assistance in household affairs, which was given cheerfully or reluctantly, according to Lizzy's mood at the moment. But she put no heavy responsibility upon her.

About this time she received a letter, informing her that her aged mother, Liddy's only dear maiden aunt, was dangerously ill, and needed her sister very much. Her husband could not go with her, as it was "haying" time. But she could not be the stage at the next village, so that obstacle was soon disposed of. Another put remained.

"I declare," she said, in an anxious tone, as I don't know whose you'll get to keep house with you, Lizzy. Your uncle Joe's always up to harvesting time. I don't see but that you'll have to harness up Dobbin to-night, and go over to the place where he is, and ask him about it."

"Shoot what?" said her husband, who, in drinking his teacup, had lost all but the last sentence.

"Why about coming to keep you alive while I'm away, to be sure. You can't live on air in haying time, you know, Lizzy."

"Well, here is Lizzy," said Mr. Talcott, very quietly, at the same time passing his cup to be replied.

"Lizzy!" echoed her mother, in some surprise. "I should not think of it a minute."

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed Lizzy, with a little pride and a great deal of eagerness in her tone, "I know enough to keep house, I am sure. Indeed, you, pleasa—won't you?"

"You're nothing but a child, Lizzy; you don't know anything about it."

"Why, ma! just as if I hadn't ever helped you wash dishes, make bread, and all sorts of things! I should think I ought to know enough by this time."

"Very true," said her father, decidedly.—"Lizzy ought to know enough, little time and already, to keep house a week or fortnight for four persons; and she shall have a chance to show her skill. Now, my lass, make out a loaf of bread of being as tall as her mother."

But somehow the matter had any more put upon her, I plead the mother.

"Then it is high time she should have," replied the father. "I am a boy, a wife; it is certainly for Lizzy's good, and it is her choice. If we'd come to town, John and I can turn it and keep 'bachelor's hall,' till we can get better help."

"Oh, pa!" exclaimed Lizzy, rather mournfully, "I should like to see you handling a broom! And I easy know if you did myself, may it not? Oh, do say yes, ma!"

Mrs. Talcott looked very doubtful; but finding her husband decided, she wisely yielded the point, and gave, at last, a reluctant

"Yes, I will let you try."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, ma," cried Lizzy, dancing about in the full ecstasy of delight.

"Remember, child, you must sober down a little, if you are to be a housekeeper," said her father, humorously, pulling out of his long beaker of his hair as he went out.

"Mrs. Talcott looked very much as if she were going to have the next morning. She passed the evening in packing her trunk, and in giving an innumerable quantity of charges to Lizzy of all sorts, who was in a state of delight and excitement when words of advice are said to a person in the air and out at the other." So she answered,

"Yes—yes—oh, yes, indeed!" to every injunction, packing, and charge, and thought of nothing beyond.

The morning came. The mother looked anxious, as she prepared to set out on her journey.

"Now, Lizzy, child," said she, "do you your best. Mind and have all your father's meals in season—and have his shirts ready—and be almost that. Keep the cream in the cellar and keep the stone on the pork barrel. Mrs. Simms will take the churning, with here, twice a week, so you will not be troubled about that. You know you are to send for Bridget, to wash, on Monday. But you will make out with everything else, dear child, if you are only careful and patient. You know your weak side, Lizzy. Be sure never to leave the house empty—there is no knowing what might happen—Above all, take good care of little Kitty. I would take her with me, if it were not just as it is, precious child."

Mrs. Talcott kissed her four-year-old baby as she said this, and, bidding her other children good-bye, was lifted by her husband into the wagon that was to carry her to the village.

Lizzy watched her mother's fluttering gown veil until it was out of sight, and then turned to the house with a bound, skip and jump, not very unsteady. Her feelings, if they had been spoken, would have shaped themselves into something very like the words,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute!"

If any of my readers has passed through life experience, she knows very well how to sympathize with Lizzy's feelings as she unveiled the little housekeeper's heart. She spent the morning in building "air castles" for each day of the week, from the making of bread from cellar to garret back to cellar, followed by pudding, Kitty, who spent a little more reasonable in her shabby arms. Such a fortune as she would have! Why, she could cook just what she wished, and do just as she pleased, all the day long! She would go that very afternoon, and ask Mrs. Simms to let Julia come and stay with her all the time. Julia was a girl of fifteen, her special friend. Would they not read together, and play checkers, and work wonders, and—to be sure there would be the house-work, but, that is the only bad thing of that: she was sure she could "do it up" in a little while. Everything should be in fine order too; her father and brother should see that she did know how to keep house!

This selfcongratulating, she almost prepared dinner. This was an easy matter, as her mother had left nothing cooked for her. She roasted herself very proudly in her mother's place at table, while her father and brother came in from the field.

"Here's your health, Mr. Housekeeper," said her brother, with a demure bow, lifting his tumbler to his lips.

"Well done for the first time, Lizzy!" was her father's comment. "But mind, you will have to keep up your reputation."

Lizzy was quite thoughtful to find that Julia Simms could not be spared from home for two days, but was obliged to content herself with anticipating the great pleasure she would have on Friday. After dinner, Liddy had promised to spend the whole day with her. Her wonderful power very gratifying. But Thursday morning brought a hitch in the matter. Julia's "tongue" of beef, which her father sent her, to be cooked for Friday. Lizzy dressed it over at least twenty times, looked at it, felt of it, and tasted one or two bits.

"I'll fry it," she at length determined. And accordingly, tried in brown slices, it awaited the coming of the hungry boy would make its keen relish.

"What's this?" asked her father, with an accent of surprise and doubt, as he pried his fork into one of the tough morsels.

"It is Julia Simms's beef, and home for dinner, father."

"Pickled—fried tongue! I never heard of such a thing." Why, it's as hard as an oyster shell. You should have boiled it, child."

The blood mounted to Lizzy's temples, while her father, pulling the bread-tray toward him, discovered a fresh flaw in her management.

"What, muddy bread, Joe, Lizzy? One can't live on potatoes. Haven't you anything else in the house?"

"No, sir," stammered Lizzy, with starting tears.

"Then go down and cut a slice of salt pork. Shoo, John, look up the pigeons."

"I don't. I should like to turn cook, sir," exclaimed John, slyly, breathing the name over his bowl of bread and milk, and out of the collar. He had wrapped one of her mother's aprons about him, and appeared with those from it, so that he looked like a baker's boy.

"I wish you wouldn't bates me!" retorted his sister, very pathetically. "Mo fithy have no business with cooking."

"Lizzy!" said her father, sternly, "keep your temper, if you cannot keep your house!" Lizzy choked down her tears, and, after a short shower of tears, and then, wiping her eyes, set about conjuring up something to supply the place of the muddy bread. Biscuit she had made, when her mother had mixed all the ingredients, and, as she supposed she could do the same. She will need word to mother, that she was stay a week.

Oh! dear!" she sighed, "I am tired of staying at home to keep house. Here, Kitty, child, let's go after the cow."

Kitty was ready enough to put on her pink sun-bonnet, and away they went over fences and hillocks, through pastures and patches of woodland, from cow to cow, and from bird to bird, without an once more, forgot her mother's commands, as well as her errand. She blamed nobody, however, when Susan Fisher with a small shower herself down on a shaded knoll, to pick the young chickweed, and Kitty to play with her, as she supposed, about fifteen minutes in this way, when she was startled by a hearty slap in the smiling face, and lifted her head to find Liddy standing over her in astonishment and indignation.

"Why, you little rascal, you! I'll teach you to see her brother part the bushes and come for the cow, as was his custom every evening, after finishing his day's work in the field.

"Well, but this is a pretty to do!" he exclaimed, looking down upon the two culprits, who attempt to rekindle the blackened fire-log, by blowing it with their breath, and succeeding in waysome time passed before the wood was in a blaze again, and the cow in health being over. Her father strolled from sitting-room to kitchen, and from kitchen back to sitting-room, whistling, and looking very much as if the long beaker of her hair as he went out.

"Mrs. Tenant looked very doubtful, but finding her husband decided, she wisely yielded the point, and gave, at last, a reluctant

"Yes, I will let you try."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, ma," cried Lizzy, dancing about in the full ecstasy of delight.

"Remember, child, you must sober down a little, if you are to be a housekeeper," said her father, humorously, pulling out of

Miscellaneous.

EFFORTS FOR OUTCASTS.

[The following interesting account of an effort now being made to redeem the inhabitants of the Five Points, New York, is from the Tribune of that city. The account is from the pen of "C. L. B."—the initials, we believe, of Mr. Charles L. Brace, the American who was arrested last year in Hungary. May God speed the work in which the Missionary, Mr. Pease, and others are engaged! The "heathen in our midst," of all heathen, most demand the Christian sympathy and labor of the Church of Christ:—]

In a notorious district of New York an humble, quiet work is going on now, which may be a model for all our grand public charities.

During the early part of 1850, an earnest Christian man offered himself to his religious denomination as a Missionary in the Five Points. The idea was thought rather chimerical; still, no opposition was made, and the Missionary went out to his task. His first effort was with the children. In walking round the streets of this quarter, he soon found that the boys not only had no home and no parents, but the most of them very little to eat. So the very first morning of his ministry he gathered a knot of them around him and told them to lead the way to a baker's. The baker objected to feeding such a crowd of pickpockets and thieves, but our friend insisted, and bought his bread-cake and distributed it among them. After this was over, he told the boys he should hold a meeting the next Sunday at the corner of Cross Street, and asked if they would come. "They would be, —— if they wouldn't!" they replied.

On the next Sunday he opened his meeting with a very considerable crowd of women and boys. But what, with the oaths and the shouts and the pelting of everybody, except the preacher, and the general row occasioned, the services did not get on very well; and our Missionary at length told them he saw "this would not do," and he would have a meeting next Sunday in a room. They gave him three cheers and he left, not at all discouraged. For the next Sunday a snug grog-shop was bought out, cleaned, and furnished with seats, and a very good audience was collected, perhaps partly by the associations of the place. During the first prayer the Missionary was interrupted by a very singular noise, and, opening his eyes, he beheld the whole audience scrambling under the seats for the door. It appears there were assistants stationed at every seat, and the boys thought that they were to be "trapped."

We will not continue farther the account of Mr. P.'s mishaps. It is enough to say, that by a mingled system of feeding and preaching, and by an unceasing good nature, he gathered at last an attentive, well-behaved audience of the worst characters of the district.

While distributing his tracts one day among the brothels, an old withered woman who had kept her house there twenty years, told him "she liked them tracts, and the preaching. She kind o' thought it did her gals good. They allers got more drunk afterwards!"

One of the prostitutes, too, said to him, with a bitter curse, "What are you giving these things to us for? We'll read 'em, and perhaps we'll repent a day! But what of it? Give us something to keep us from *starving*!"

The Missionary soon came to the conclusion that preaching for such was worse than useless. It aroused only to make them more reckless, as they saw the utter hopelessness before them. Starvation or crime was always the grim choice. He went, accordingly, to his Society for means to provide work for these women. They replied to the effect that "he was sent to the Five Points to be a Minister of the Gospel, to preach and pray, and not to set up a work-shop!"

He tried them for private subscriptions—and

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00	Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

We design commencing this new novelet by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," "The Discarded Daughter," &c., &c., in our next paper, that of July 24th.

"The Curse of Clifton" will scarcely be as long as the average of Mrs. Southworth's novelets; but many of its readers (ourselves included,) will like it better on this account. It will come in admirably for Summer reading, stirring the dull pulse, and whiling away these sultry noontide hours, when it seems too hot to do anything but lie on a couch and read.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.

That the present rates of newspaper postage are extremely defective and inconvenient, there can be no doubt. And yet we look with about as much anxiety as pleasure, on the attempt now making in Congress to amend them. We have not been among those who have urged the matter on the attention of the Post Office Committee, for in relation to Congressional doings, we are always tempted to apply the epitaph written by one who needlessly had recourse to the doctor's skill:—"I was well, I would be better, *I am here.*" But as the subject is now again before Congress, we may take the liberty of endorsing the tone of the following remarks made by Mr. Washburn, on Saturday last. The telegraphic report says:

Mr. Washburn opposed the first section. Its object, he said, seemed to be to discriminate in favor of small penny papers, printed on thin paper, and with small type, and against the large papers, printed on large type and on good ... of such legislation, and therefore offered an amendment in effect to increase the standard weight which the bill requires for newspapers. Otherwise, he said, one-half of the people of his State would be excluded from the benefit of the law, and the circulation of the country newspapers materially curtailed.

Whenever this subject of newspaper postage is agitated at Washington, the penny papers, which generally are printed in eye-destroying type, endeavor to have the postage reduced in their favor, on the plea that they do not weigh as much as better printed papers. But the weight of papers is a matter of comparatively small consideration in the Post Office expenses. A small paper must be handled as many times, and therefore requires as much attention from the clerks, as a large one. ...

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster was received by a large public procession, with great enthusiasm, on his return to Boston. The telegraphic account says, however:—"It was noticed that, notwithstanding the brilliancy of the welcome extended to him, he appeared to be dejected." The address to him by Mr. Stephenson, commented so approvingly upon his political course, that Mr. Webster was affected even to tears. His answer contained nothing bearing directly upon the present aspect of politics; he said that as to his political course, he left it to the judgment of posterity.

In relation to his nomination by the "Native Americans"—or, "Americans," as we suppose we must now call them—it is not positively known at the present writing, whether he will accept or reject it. The Hon. Mr. Tallmadge, of New York, says that Mr. Webster recently expressed himself to him as follows:—

Mr. Webster acknowledged gratefully the attachment and devotion which his friends had exhibited, both in the National Convention and since the nomination had been made. But he said he did not see how any good result could be attained by presenting his name any further to the country, and that one common duty now devolved upon us all,—that, namely, of *rallying* to the support of the candidate regularly nominated by the representatives of the Whigs of the Union, in Convention assembled. For his own part, he was ready to give the Whig ticket his cordial support,—and so he trusted were Whigs everywhere, whatever might have been their personal predilections.

Previous to the above conversation, in this city, Mr. Webster is said to have averred, when questioned upon the subject, that "*he would stand the fire*"—which rather equivocal expression was construed by some into an acceptance of the nomination. Our own opinion, however, is that Mr. Webster will not accept, though he may not for a time formally decline it. For although he evidently feels deeply hurt at not receiving the nomination of the Whig party, to allow himself to be placed in a position that would endanger in the least the success of that party, would be to set at naught at once the influences, associations and prejudices of the last thirty years. Moreover, having gone into the Whig National Convention, he will feel bound in honor to submit to its decision, however unpalatable it may be.

MR. SOULE'S ADDRESS.—We were among the audience who were admitted, at a charge of fifty cents each, to hear an address from Senator Soulé, of Louisiana, on the Fifth of July. After several pieces of music, very fairly played, Mayor Gilpin appeared on the platform, in company with Mr. G. M. Dallas, and three or four others, and announced that a telegraphic message had been received from Mr. Soulé too late for its insertion in the morning papers, stating that on account of "indisposition," he would be unable to fulfil his engagement. Mr. Gilpin further stated, that in the absence of Mr. Soulé, Mr. Dallas had consented to deliver an address in his place—but, that any one not liking the substitution, could withdraw, and receive back his money at the door. Fifteen or twenty of the audience availed themselves of this privilege, but the great majority, of course, retained their seats.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, July 10, 1852.

REMARKS.—Business has been very quiet since our last weekly report, as usual during the week of the celebration of American Independence. In Breadstuffs the transactions have been on a very restricted scale. The demand being limited for all descriptions. The stock of Cotton on sale is small and holders have been enabled to realise full rates. Coal continues to meet an active inquiry at our last quotations. In Groceries there is no material change to notice. Supplies of Sugar and Molasses have been arriving freely, and buyers and sellers being somewhat apart in their views, a considerable portion of them have been stored. Provisions of all kinds are held firmly, and the stocks of Pork, Bacon and Lard are quite moderate. In Seeds there is but little doing. Tobacco is held firmly. Wool is in good demand for manufacturing, and the receipts are mostly taken on arrival at full rates. Nothing doing in Foreign Freights, and but little offering Coastwise, excepting Coal. The Money market has undergone no change. Capital is abundant for all mercantile purposes, and the Banks are discounting liberally. Exchange on England rules at 110 a110½, with a limited supply of Bills.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been quite dull and inactive during the past week. The receipts have been moderate, but the demand has been limited both for shipment and city consumption. Sales of 6,000 bbls at $4a4,12½ per bbl for mixed and good Western; $4,25 for good Pennsylvania, and $4,37½a4,62½ for extra, as in quality. The sales for city consumption have been within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is scarce—sales in lots at $3,50. Corn Meal has been but little inquired after. Holders ask $3,25 per bbl, but no sales have come under our notice, except 300 bbls of Brandywine at $3,31¼.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat has been limited at the decline noted at the close of last week. The sales comprise 26,000 bushels at $1a1,03 per bushel for prime white, and 96a98c for red. The market continues bare of Rye, and it is wanted for distilling.—Corn has been in fair request, and 12,000 bushels yellow, mostly Southern, sold at 64c, afloat, and white at 63c. Oats are in fair demand. Sales of Pennsylvania at 44a45c, Southern at 40a43c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is held firmly. Small sales of Mess at $19,75a20, and Prime at $18 per bbl. Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $17,50a18. Bacon is in steady demand at 10 to 12c per lb for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 10½a10¾ for Sides, and 9c for Shoulders. Lard sells in lots at 11c per lb in bbls, and 11½ a11¾c in kegs. Prices of Butter and Cheese are without change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—The market has been very quiet, but some Western dealers have been looking through the market preparatory to making their fall purchases.

BARK.—Is held firmly, but the demand is limited—small sales of No 1 Quercitron at $24,50 per ton.—Spanish Oak sells at $14a16 per cord.

BEESWAX.—Continues scarce, and good yellow is in good demand at 26a26½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—Demand limited; small sales of Sperm at 40c, and Adamantine at 22a24c per lb.

COAL.—The demand continues active for the supply of Eastern markets, and free sales are making at $3,75a3,87½ per ton for Schuylkill Red Ash, and $3,25 a3,50 for White Ash, delivered on board at Richmond. The scarcity of boats on the Schuylkill restricts the supplies from that source. Bituminous Coal is scarce.

COFFEE.—The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 400 bags La-

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 Dock Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner and on the most reasonable terms.

BEACOM & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

We design commencing, next week, a new novelet by Mrs. Southworth, entitled —

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Discarded Wife," "A Beautiful Fiend," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola —

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bertha of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall as heretofore lay before our readers a rich miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest selections from the pages of the London PERIODICALS, together with the Cream of New York and other Literary Journals, Original Sketches, Comic and other Engravings, &c., &c.—heralding at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of the columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, Mr. Pugh presented a resolution of the Legislature of Ohio, relative to the Cuban question, favoring the views and Representatives of Bonn de Koltz, for the acquisition of Cuba, on honorable and Advantageous terms.

Mr. Bell presented a memorial of the Homestead Bill from the Legislature of Connecticut, in opposition to its passage.

The House Bill to enable the Legislature of Louisiana to dispose of the vacant saline lands, reconsidered and passed.

Mr. Bell, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported adversely on the claim of Walker, in order to reflect Connecticut on the claim of Jonathan Robbins, which originated in the Legislature of Connecticut.

Mr. Weller commenced reading a speech in reply to charges made against him, while the Secretary of the Treasury, by Mr. Bigler, of Pa., and Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, the latter of whom was present, and commencing severally from either. He alluded to Mr. Secretary Dallas's letter, and to the charges made against the character of the Secretary, and contemptible tricks. He explained and denied the charges made by Mr. Bigler, while being a defaulter to Butler county, Ohio, and also the charges made by Mr. Stuart, while a member of the House, that he was a tool under the clandestine influence of political opponent, was a wretch whose nothing class of an employee could be found to do the dirty work of man. He referred also to Senator, how long (Mr. Stuart) had been in the habit of having recourse to the vilest slanders to destroy the public peace. He regretted that the Senate had been called upon to act as it deserved, but the world and it knew of the most essential character of a charge, and that was truth. He had, in the charges made against the present Commissioner, and thought that they deserved the severest censure.

Mr. Clayton said he regretted that the time on the floor of the present Commissioner, but was not prepared to act. He did not think the charges were proved, and said he would show that Commissioner Mayo had conducted himself with the utmost propriety.

Mr. Bell said that the latest point of the business was Mr. Mayo, the envoy of Mexico, to whom he had acted that peace had been changed for the benefit of Mexico, and expressed his belief that the treaty was for necessary. Until he had information upon this point, he could not act. He was in favor of postponing the subject until the next session was then postponed until Tuesday week.

The Senate took up the bill to grant lands to Iowa.

Mr. Brown was recalled from the President, stating that the information was produced by the Secretary of War, relative to the Utah Expedition, and which, he had not yet received, and that he was made for the expense of securing peace, was in the United States. The Secretary of War, however, had contracted for their restoration, and the President had no doubt that they would be restored to Congress on the propriety of reconvening the Congress. Read the Senate, 30 to 18.

On the 7th, Mr. Anderson presented petitions from Missouri for Minnesota Territory, and from Missouri for Missouri Territory.

Mr. Bell presented petitions in favor of making Fleming Island a port of entry.

Mr. Clemens introduced a joint resolution, providing for the distribution of the Patent Office Report at the prices of printing. Referred to the Committee on Printing.

Mr. Mason introduced a resolution calling on the President for information relative to the Territories of Utah and Kansas.

Mr. Rusk, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to provide for the appointment of a Surveyor-General for Florida, and to define the duties of the Receivers of that State to vote for President.

A bill providing

Selected Poetry.

AN EVERY DAY PARADOX.

Or How a Man Lost all he was Worth by Getting Rich.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

There was a little village boy—
Oh! but his heart was full of joy,
Had he a stick to whirl or cut,
A bag of marbles and a nut,
Beauty there never was delight
Like his of Childish Light too.

But that grew on—a boy no longer,
Up he grew, tallow, stouter, stronger,
And then you would advise:
For he had made a splendid marriage:
And he rode in a splendid carriage—
John Littleton, Esquire.

He doubt you think that this very grand,
But I must make you understand—

A very different case;
That somehow might not have found,
Had they reversed his great man round,
His former self in life.

And yet he was most sad—for riches
Have something in them that bewitches,
And fits with busy presences,
While, like a terrible disease,
They rob us of our wealth and ease,
Our facultes and senses.

And this was now his case; for he
Had lost his light, as could not see
Some things, however nigh;
The friends and faces of his youth—
He could not see them, though, in truth,
Some had grown old like him.

And then his fencing went—oh! none
Had ears so quick as Sixth John
For neighbor's their need;
But now, if sorrow stole and came,
What hope, what help, what aim?
And cure most dear indeed!

And step he lost his spring-heeled step,
He lopped shrewd to dad
Each better mate in every case,
How downs near the dust his face—
He was out of his mind.

His peace of mind it injured in glasses,
He built a house of many rooms—
Of many kinds grand
But through them all he sought in vain:
He could not find the peace again,
Which he had known of old.

Alas! who mattered wine or food?
Or lay on down or silkiest wood,
By his own mother's door,
With porridge-pot and hard bread—
And now his appetite had fled;
And it returned no more.

Not yet though dishes did abound;
Though powdered lacqueys stood around,
In knitted worsted dressed;
With scarlet collar and scarlet vest,
And buttons emblazoned with a great bear—
John's true armorial crest.

The best he on his trashes wore;
On hammer, in his morning hour,
And on his wasted letters:
Upon his bed, his chair,
The best was figured every where,
A beast in golden fetters.

Lost eye and ear, lost heart and health!
Good name, good conscience; save his wealth
What few could boast of!
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,
He died!—To depart he had no soul—
The heaviest loss of all!

London Athenæum.

The Moralist.

THE MORALITY IN WORDS.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM "SCENES OF THE SPIRIT OF WORDS."

If I wanted only further proof of this which I have been urging, the newest amusements-sphere which events diffuse, I would ask you to observe what is being said and done about it when engaged in controversy with others, be it to the comfort of the company or the pain of the weapons sharper you, if sharper there be, will be to assume some favorable aspect of the question—which, if possible, begs the whole matter in dispute, and at the same time to affix on their adversaries some loveable quality, whether as an invitation, or a distinction, or a scarecrow. So, or an admission. There is a way in which silent is men, deeper perhaps than they give any account of to themselves, which tells them how the idea of that manifestation, which is unable to weigh the arguments of the case, will put in recognition the Infinitum which the world works continually, though almost imperceptibly, diffuse. By suggestion of the mind, by the eye of the heart, by a few, but by those they unfold what at first see as much more effected, the quietest and most modest of words, and the most silly. Thus when at the beginning of our Civil Wars the cultivated party styled themselves "the Godly," and the royalists "The Malignants." It is very certain that wherever they could procure audience for these words, the question upon whom side the right lay was already decided. And when, during the same period, as at all implying that the royalists did not make exactly the same assumption of quarrelous-begging words, and of words steeped quite as deeply in the passion which animated them, but only as a significant illustration of my meaning.

Seeing, then, that language contains so fitful a record of the good and of the evil which in time past have been working in the minds and hearts of men, we should look upon it as a moral barometer, which indicates and presages somewhat the rise or fall of the world's life. To study a people's language will be to study one of the best tests of its state of weather, where they present themselves to us under fewest disguises, most nearly as they are. You may have to read in it, and to be prepared to arrive at the present shape, it is too entire by the effluences of the whole world, sometimes the result of the united contributions of all, it obeys too inscrutable laws, to allow any positive and hungering will or making of it to witness other than the actual facts of the case.

The freedom of use or setting, the authority of itself, its inability to comprehend the true dignity and meaning of life, the foolishness of its moral indignations, all this will find an assistance in the use of science and current words in connection with the spiritual or some condition. In the squandering of such as ought to have been reserved to the highest significance, in the spiritual life on slight and secular objects, in the employment almost in jest and play of words implying the most solemn and grave, in the reason the French "gardez," while, on the contrary, the high sentiment, the sense of everything mean or base of another people is one, will at once show us the way we must take to stamp themselves on the words which they employ; and then, too, with whatever good or evil they may be charged.

Often a people's use of some single word will afford us a deeper insight into their state of mind, than their habits of thought and feeling, than which without a conspicuously will be the reflection of inspecting this insight. Thus our word "idiot" is abundantly characteristic, not indeed of English, but of Greek life, to which we have derived it and our use of it. The "idiot" was to the earliest stage the private man, as contradistinguished from him who was clothed with and who lived and acted in the management of public affairs. In this its primary use it is constantly employed in Xenophon; as he observes, "the state," in a figure, "is by a duty in great case as well as in idiots." It came to signify, moreover, the unskilled, unlearned, intellectually-uncultivated person, a boor, this derivation or secondary sense bearing witness, as but too many their daily walk in Greek notion of the indispensableness of public life, even to the full development of the individual;" a feeling which was entirely inverse to the spirit of Chivalry, lying at the root and foundation of all schemes of mental culture. Nor is it easy to see how it could have entered itself with greater vehemence than it does in its secondary use of the word "idiot." Our forefathers, accordingly, of which the word "idiot" is now deficient in intellect, and not scarcely one with his parent unconverted, in but this meaning pushed a little further. Again, the lamentable distinction between the Greek mind and the Hebrew reveal themselves in the several salutations of each, the "rejoice" of the first, the "peace" of the second. The clear, cheerful, world-enjoying temper of the Greek embodies itself in the first, for could desire nothing better or higher for himself, and then could not wish it for his friend, than to have joy in his life. But the Hebrew had a deeper longing within him, and one which finds utterance in the "peace." It is not hard to perceive why this people should have been chosen as the first bearers of that truth which indeed combines only to rejoice, but only through first bringing peace; nor why from them the word of life should first go forth. It may be urged, indeed, that there were only Greek, and so in great part they may have all learned to speak in a sort "a good-by" or "adieu" we can hardly be said now to consult our friend to the Divine source of our result our friend to the Divine source of our result and if they were not such at the first, nor would they have had little ground, if ever they had become such afterwards.

So, too, the modifications of meaning which a word has undergone, as well how many words of fear was one of the saddest, the way in which one nation resisting a word from another, has not brought into it a word of kindness, and finding its in the dragon wherein it was borrowed, but rather the contrary intelligence, or also wizard its meaning—all this may prove profoundly instructive, and may reveal to us, as perhaps nothing else can, the deep, hidden, secret divisions existing between them. Observe, for instance, how different in the use of "self-sufficient" as used by us, and by the heathen nations of antiquity. The Greek word usually corresponding to it is a word of boasting and applied to men in their praise. And indeed it was the glory of the heathen conception of a teach a man to find his resources in his own bosom, to be like self-centred, self-sufficient, resting that a state without him and above him, a centre in God, had not been revealed to him. And so the Christian, he could not see better this, so it was, then no centre at all. But this glory was changed into another lesson, to find our sufficiency in God: and that, "self-sufficient," which with the Greek was a word in honorable sense, with us is the direct reverse. Self-sufficiency is not a quality which any man desires to see in his neighbor or in their souls. We have it, but now, if sorrow rests and rests, When hope, in spite of hope, must cease in pain, And must not indeed!

And step he lost his springy step.

He lopped shrewd to dad
Each better mate in every case,
How downs near the dust his face—
He was out of his mind.

His peace of mind it injured in glasses,
He built a house of many rooms—
Of many kinds grand
But through them all he sought in vain:
He could not find the peace again,
Which he had known of old.

Alas! who mattered wine or food?
Or lay on down or silkiest wood,
By his own mother's door,
With porridge-pot and hard bread—
And now his appetite had fled;
And it returned no more.

Not yet though dishes did abound;
Though powdered lacqueys stood around,
In knitted worsted dressed;
With scarlet collar and scarlet vest,
And buttons emblazoned with a great bear—
John's true armorial crest.

The best he on his trashes wore;
On hammer, in his morning hour,
And on his wasted letters:
Upon his bed, his chair,
The best was figured every where,
A beast in golden fetters.

Lost eye and ear, lost heart and health!
Good name, good conscience; save his wealth
What few could boast of!
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,
He died!—To depart he had no soul—
The heaviest loss of all!

London Athenæum.

Wit and Humor.

PATRIOTISM OF PERSEVERANCE.—Some time last Summer, a gentleman of Massachusetts, who takes great interest in the subject of public instruction, and who, if we mistake not, has some official connection with the public schools of that State, visited, with an English friend, the *Normal* establishment at New Lebanon. The teacher belonging here is school of their own, which during the Summer months is open for girls only, the boys taking their turn in the winter. Strangers are courteously permitted to visit the establishment, and to examine the scholars. Our two gentlemen made choice of their first visit to the village. As the latter had heard from his companion of the Eastern friend called out a little girl who possessed a face indicative of more than ordinary intelligence, as she was allowed its meaning—all this may prove profoundly instructive, and may reveal to us, as perhaps nothing else can, the deep, hidden, secret divisions existing between them. Observe, for instance, how different in the use of "self-sufficient" as used by us, and by the heathen nations of antiquity. The Greek word usually corresponding to it is a word of boasting and applied to men in their praise. And indeed it was the glory of the heathen conception of a teach a man to find his resources in his own bosom, to be like self-centred, self-sufficient, resting that a state without him and above him, a centre in God, had not been revealed to him. And so the Christian, he could not see better this, so it was, then no centre at all. But this glory was changed into another lesson, to find our sufficiency in God: and that, "self-sufficient," which with the Greek was a word in honorable sense, with us is the direct reverse. Self-sufficiency is not a quality which any man desires to see in his neighbor or in their souls. We have it, but now, if sorrow rests and rests, When hope, in spite of hope, must cease in pain, And must not indeed!

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London Athenæum.

City Scenes.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Climer Twentit.—Shakspeare! Pooh! For my part I consider Shakspeare a very much over-rated man.

Selected Articles.

FERN LEAVES.

BY FANNY FERN.

FOLLY.—For gifts to accept is to be happy without sacrifice. Every woman is a fool who, for mother, companionship, belles are as necessary to her as "poison of misery" to health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at a belle. If you wish to look at a group at smallpox, look in the face of a young mother.

NOW, I *know* what's dead! I'm an old maid myself; and I'm neither lonesomely nor helpfully! My "mate of souls" and I'm going to give you, (in a minute,) and I never want to see a baby, except with a pair of boots on it. "Young mothers and scrubbing!" Worn to shaking shingles before they are twenty-five—then no wit but lower than the kitchen to which the grandmother instead of the dear little Mary was used to make the tea—and all to avoid count out of the town of his bowels! Tell—my dear, you're a mother! Don't you dare to say he is *indoor*," (sometimes I think, and then again I don't know) but, *on the whole, I believe* I consider the "indoor" wife the healthiest. It's a one-sided partnership, this marriage! the only one we get in this life.

"Husband" gets up in the morning and pays his "*dooce*" to the hooking glass; eats his bread and butter; puts on his gloves and his hat; bows; (as an encouraging sound;) sprinkles his handkerchief with cologne; rides away a French roll, as egg, and a cup of coffee; gets into the omnibus, reads a newspaper and his pretty girls, and makes love between the pauses of business during the forenoon *promptly*. Why must "housekeeping" be dull, wooden, and excludes all the fresh air, (because the bad is bad,) of "sentiment" (as a slight,) and sits gorging down to the table were dead than alive to talk her breakfast. Tommy throws a cup of coffee over his jacket, and Mary Jane has torn off the string of her school bonnet. Jane is "engaged" to Augustus Jerusalem can't find her satchel; the butcher wants to know if she'll have a joint of mutton, or a spare-rib; the cook likes his money; she has been sent to speak to her "just a minute;" the baby squalls; the cat has got the cream; Tommy's home from the store to *say his mother* will come with him to dinner; he's agreed to run up to her "sister's dead baby's wake," and husband's this coat must be ironed before he'll go to "another young member—" Where's my smelling-bottle?

"Woman! she requires no eulogy."

Lucky they don't! they wouldn't get it from their husbands, anyhow. "Woman" is the greatest error in the "Patriotism," and much as ever I dare say she deserves it, she is the last one I'd ever be inclined to assess of them to her husband. Just open the door, and see the female friend, (?) either in love or literature.—Hornets and tortoise! the way you'll get damned for your pains! Or, if you're a female friend, the same, oh, you! but wait till your back is turned—if the female friend don't find enough to take you to please till your moral sickness is at an anatomical certainty, and we down for the "last sickness—*her* last sickness—and incidentally *they disapprove your style of dress*; they don't like your bonnet; they keep laying *your confession* at themselves. Then just let 'em catch you looking at a gentleman friend, (platonically,) and you'll see the pen-knives and teeth but they'll put their foot on your premises! Make a flower—if you shall get my eyes nonsicked out for this, but never mind, I'll risk it—and they'll make such little exclamations! There's *no more use* more to *the world*, by! Hain't she'll room enough for the world, and the world enough for the moon. Each one wants a *world of hearts* and hearts, and they don't want your world, you have it, and what's more, they *don't* while I'm about! *Items are used to be green*, but I can't believe it. Green is the color of hope, and hope is a cheat. Green is the color of envy, and envy is a curse. Green is the color of jealousy, and jealousy is a fiend. Green is the color of the devil, and the devil is a liar. Green is the color of the world, and the world is a humbug. Green is the color of the world, and the world is a humbug. Green is the color of the world, and the world is a humbug.